THE COQUETTE'S TEARS.

Myulets from violet eyes Trembie down a glowing cheek; wending through a heathered creek. Weep, O maid; I from the pain Lightly laden p e stre gain.

How I'd so the your grief, if great!

But I know the pearls but prance Like outriders to the state Of your smiling reguish clance. Weep, O maid! for there appears Sweet si sadn ss in your tears.

Were I not as coy as you I would deem the weeping sad, Goax you as I sometim s do, Kiss you till we both were glad ; But I'll lose a kiss to-day. Waten you weep and waste away.

Ah, your ' ands now hide a laugh, Which your voice too well betrays! Come, then mingle wine we'll quall From the c p-l ke lips you raise. There, 0 maid!-ah, aw you cry-There, there, there! and so do 1! - W lliam Ti ebuck.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The roya' feast was done; the King Sought s' me new sport to banish care, And to his jester ried: "S'r Fool, Kneel now and make for us a prayer

The jester doffed his c p and bell, And stood the m cking court before; They could not see the bitter smile Behind the painted grin be were.

Upon the monar h's silken stool; His pleading voice arose, "O Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool! "No pity, Lord, coul change the heart

He bowed his bead and bent his knee

Fr m red with wrong to white as w of The rod must heal the sia; but, Lord, ile mercitul to me, a fool " 'Tis by our buit the onward sweep Of truth and right, " Lord, we stay ;

'Tis by our follies that so long We hold the earth from heaven away. "These clumsy feet, still in the mire, Go crus. ing bloss ms without end ; These hard, well-meaning bands we thrust

Along the he re-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth that we have kept-We know how sharp it pierced and stung! The word we had not sense to say-Wao knews how grandly it had rung

"Our faults no tenderness shoul i ask,

The chastening stripes must cleanse them Bot our blunders-oh, in shame Before the eyes of heaven we fail. rib bears no blossoms for mistakes;

Men crown the knave, and scourge the too That did his wit; but thou, O Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool! The room was husbed; in silence rose

The King, and sought his garden cool, And walked spart and mu mured low. "Be merciful to me a fooi!" -Sund y Magazine.

"ONLY." BY W. F. JOHNSON.

Only a trifle, yet broken Are seals that were neavy and strong Only a word, lightly spoken, Yet the soul bursteth forth into song.

Only a dew-drop, yet brighter The vetdure of meadow and lawn; Oury a sun! cam, yet lighter And fairer the rosy-hued dawn Only a day, a me e glimmer Of time, as it vanishes fast;

Only a day, growing dimmer 'Mid shadows and gloom of the past. Only a day, yet forever Its impulse shall with thee remain and the fruit of its labors shall never

Re given to ripen again. Of a leaf on I fe's stream flowing fest, Yet bearing an argosy triple;

The future, the present, the past. Time was, when it glittered before thee, A part of futurity's dream, And bri hier the heavens were o'er thee With hope-star's Ctopian beam.

Time is, when it hovers around thee, And lingers an hour by thy side; While pel s of fair pr mise that bound thee Go d filling away with the tide.

Time will be, when dawneth the morrow, When canished for age it will be; A token of pleasure or serrow Its only remembrance for thee.

Only a day, nor yet ever Its moments forgotten shall be, Till bubbles of time stream forever

Are wheimed in et ruity's sea. THOU CANST NOT FORGET.

The following charming poem was written by ang lady of Virg niz, a few years since, and has

hever been published. Thou canst not forget me, for memory will fling Her light o'e. oblivious dark sea; And wherever thou roamest a something will eli To thy bosom that whisp is if me. Though the chords of thy soi it I never may swe Of my touch they'll retain soft thrill,

Lik the low undertone of the murmuring deep. When the wind that has stored it is still. The love that is kept in the beauty of trust, Cannot as lik the form from the seas, Or a mark that the finger hash made in the du t, When 'isswert by the breath of the breeze.

They tell me my love thou wilt caimly resign. Yet I ever, w ile listening to them Will sign for the heart that was linked un o mine. As a rosebud is linked to a stem Thou canst not furget me! Too long best thou

Thy spirit's soit pinions o'er mine; Too deep was the promise that round my lips club

As they softly responded to thine. In the dusk of the twill, bt, beneath the blue sky My presence will mattle thy soul. And a feeling of sadness will rush to thine eye Too deep for thy in thood's control.

Thou mayst go to the island of beauty and fame Far, far from the "Land of the Free Yet each wind that floats 'round the will whisp

And when 'rou d thee arkly misfortunes shall Thou'lt think, like the beautiful form of the rainbow that arches the thick tempest clou

That is swe ter than mosi to thee.

My love would have i'g: tened the storm. Thou const not forget me! The passion that dw In the bosom 'twil. slumbering lie, In the memory of all thou hast murmured a The thought of me never can die.

Thou mayst turn to another and wish to forget. But the wish will not bring thee repose; For, oh! thou wilt find that the thorns of regret Were hid by the leaves of the rose.

Hungry Mike.

Kansas City Journal.

"Speaking about eating thirty quails in thirty days," said Comptroller Grant, "why ! I know a man who can win ail the money Last year it was Booth ; this year is 00 quails in fifteen days"

police court. 'His name is Hungry Mike. I first met

him in Leavenworth, in 1854. One of the officers at the fort made a bet that Mike could eat a sheep, and when he came in draw. with his wagon ne was told about it. The made up into pies and taken down to Mike's boarding house. He was tired when pie?' asked his landlady."

Then she gave him another and another satil te ate them all. "Kin ye ate more?" asked the landlady.

"I kin" erz he, "but I hev to eat a sheep,

"Where is this noble man?" asked a by stander, who wanted to back him for quail. meeting adjourned.

GARNERED GEMS

Seissored from the Choicest Exchanges Throughout the Universe.

Something for the Grave and Gay, as Well as Old and Young.

Select Reading for the Patrons of the Sunday Morning "Bazoo."

A Gampling House on Wheels.

New Orleans Picayune. according to the outlook for profitable time his success has been gradual. business Thus he is sure to appear at every large fair within two bundred miles of the Mexican border on either side A new and prosperous mining camp offers is ducements, too, and lately he established himself close to a Texas

A Lemon-and-Lily Blonde. pondent, is a lemon-and-lily blonde, man's bullet carried it away. ranging only from five to eight inches Buffalo Bill drama lost a bright expoin thickness and proportionately small nent and a very fair comedian was in width, with no more than 18 years given to the Etheopian stage by reason to her age, and erough of a fortune to of such an accident as that which allow of doing just as she pleases about made Erank Frayne morally responsmarrying again. I was in her party | ible for the killing of Annie Von Behat the Madison Square theatre the ren. Talbott in shooting an apple on other night, and we were weeping his wife's head, one night, missed the more or less over the sorrows of the fruit and sent the leaden pellet one play. Allowing for the hearty dinner inch below it. Mrs. Talbott wore a which I knew the widow had eaten, high head dress, and the bullet passed there couldn't have been room in her through it, close enough to the top thin figure for a great amount of emo- of her head to make both herself and tion; and when I saw that tears were her husband sensible of the miraculous weiling up in one of her eyes and not in the other, I surmised that the din- Mr. Talbott confined his practice to ner had got entirely on one side of her knocking over birds and ringing the midriff and the sympathy all on tother. But I was wrong; and this is how ! found out. The widow's escort was a sappy young fellow, whose love was as profound as his shallowness permitted After puzzling himself for awhile over the dryness of one of her eyes, while its mate was primmier, he asked for an explanation of the phenomenon.

"And which eye do you admire most?" she said. "H-h-hard to tell," he stammered The one w-w-with the tears sort of melts a fellow, d-d-don't you know, and

the one without the tears sets b-h-him ablaze with its fl-fl-flashes." "On the whole, now, which one do

you prefer?" "Wa-wa-well, I think the d-d-dry

"I'm so glad, Dolphy, to hear you say that," and the widow beamed rapturously into his face, "because that eye is a glass one, and I'm sometimes afraid it disfigures me."

This revelation lost her a lover, and I don't suppose she will miss him from the gang, and she certainly had fun while he lasted.

Langtry vs. Booth.

Post-Dispatch.

"I've just won a bet of \$50," said Marcus Mayer to a Post Dispatch reporter in the rotunda of the Southern yesterday. "Bingham, of the Modjeska company, bet that Mrs. Langtry did not play to more money in New York than Edwin Booth; I said she played to \$14,000 more. Booth's receipts for four weeks in New York were \$47,000; Mrs Langtry's receipts for the same time were over \$61,000. Her receipts here were greater than Booth's last year-she played to more than \$11,000 during her week at the Olympic. It may be interesting in this connection to know that Patti played to more money in concert last season here than she did this season in grand Italian opera. That's funny, isn't it? Do I think there will be a Booth boom in this country next year? o sir ; there can be but one dramatic boom in the country at any one season. Peck's Sun.

guest won the full sympathy of the rord. The men asked him what he public, and at the close of each promi- knew about fast running, and he turnnent scene he was thrice, four times, ed out some coffee in a saucer, blew on and even five times recalled."

A Yankee Boy's Fortune.

Springfield Republican.

Wiser Than Frayne.

A. J. Talbott, the negro minstrel, now a member of Leavitt's Giganteans. was the man who taught Frank Fravne to do the fancy but dangerous shootcamp meeting with pecupiary profit. ing that recommended "Si Slocum" to the patrons of the gallery. Talbott is a good shot, and tells how Frayne The prettiest widow in all this great used to hold an apple between his metropolis, says a New York corres- fingers on the stage until the marksness of her escape. After that night bell in the shooting gatleries.

Timely Remarks from a Cowboy.

his wife acting as Lucy Slocum. As and lit a cigar stub he had been keephe was to occupy the opera house that ling. night, I, accompanied by several of our troupe, went over to see the show. The hall was a miserable tumbledown frame shanty, lighted by candles and lamps. The light, you may be completely fitted the house, seemed to thoroughly enjoy the play, and manifested their approbation by loud shouts and huzzahs. When the time came for Frayne to shoot the apple from his wife's head, she was brought on the stage blindfolded. She was nervous and excited, and shook like my brees bass drum when I give it a healthy whack. The light was too poor for Frayne to see distinctly, and it vas plainly to be seen that he had house, hearing the screams, rushed to had come to stay. misgivings of his own power. The the place, seized the trap, made a desas wide as the Tobor stage jumped up three were fast. Their united voices the bill for Tuesday evening and with an expression of face and toss of from his seat and pointed a pistol fair called to their aid a gentleman who Wednesday matinee at Frayne, saying in a firm voice : opened the trap. "Don't shoot, or I'll pulverize you!" Frayne glanced down at the resolutelooking stranger and seemed to be glad of his intervention. The whole house took up the cry "Don't shoot!" and the affrighted woman tore the bandage from her eyes and said in pleading tones: "Don't attempt to anger that gentleman, Frank; he means what he says." "Bet ver boots, gai, I do,' replied the stranger. That part of the play was omitted for that night, and the Indians had to be killed twice to make up for the cutting of the programme.

Making Up Time.

Mrs. Langtry; next year Henry Ir standing by the Union depot lunch it may be "due to the fact that our rectly informed her. His assistance "Who is he?" asked Hizzoner of the ving will be the boom. People will counter the other night, waiting for a little boys are given over to the ten- had been tacitly refused, and now he wait to see the Langtry. It makes train, drinking coffee and telling sto- der mercies of mothers and maids in- could but await the action of whatno difference whether the actor is good ries about their experiences in railroad- stead of being reared by those who un- ever mental faculty happened to be or bad, you will find that he will ing. An engineer was making camel derstand them." "Those who under- doing in the lady's judgment. The officers in the meantime had a whole sheep did last night was sufficient to that he about a fast run he made one day be- die wou d seem to look with favor up- in extreme rear issued an "ahem," as is fully entitled to the great reputa- tween Milwaukee and La Crosse, when on the appointment of male nurses for a reminder that they were still there. he came in and went home immediately tion which preceded him " and the "old man" was in a hurry to get male infants. The non-medical obser-Mike Alannah would ve eat a mutton that he is undoubtedly an actor of up there to see about the bridge that ver would be inclined to accept heavy good seats?" genius." After remarking on the im- was being built there. As he was de- odds that, if Dr. Biddle's suggestion "I wud," he said, and she gave him one. mese success achieved by Mr. Booth, scribing how the engine and two cars were acted upon, the "waste" of the despite the bilingual character of the fairly blistered the rails between Por- higher organism, instead of being re- here preformance, the Kreuz Zeitung says: tege and Camp Douglas, a frightened duced, would increase at a very alarm-"Mr Booth is mere comedian of petty looking man stepped up and asked for ing ratio indeed.-London Pall Mall but I never knew that anybody found breby an hour from now, en I hed better artifice, no virtue so, strong in points a cup of coffee and some doughnuts, Gazette. or details, but weak as a whole; he is and while he was soaking a doughnut an artist who grasps the spirit of his in the coffee, he said they didn't know "He's dead," replied Col. Grant, and the part . And, above all things, anything about fast running unless ney, bladder and urinary diseases. \$1 he is a refined artist. Our American they had been on the Pennsylvania Druggists.

it, to cool it, swallowed it, and said :

"Well. I just go here from the east, and I have witnessed railroading that knocks the socks off of anything An instance of a Westfield boy's that ever was. We started out of pluck, endurance and success is shown Jersey City one night at 8 o'clock, and by the recent sale of E. C. Cowles' up this side of Philadelphia there was half-interest in his cattle ranch at a wreck ahead of us, and we sidetrack North Platte, Neb., to his partner, ed for six hours, and when the track for \$77.500. Cowles was born at was clear we started. Well, sir, that West Farms in 1845, and for some train flew, fairly flew. We didn't real twenty five years lived and worked ize in the car that we were going fast, about Westfield. Ten or twelve years by any jar, for it was just as smooth ago he found himself with \$100 in his as a pair of skates on smooth ice, but pocket, and, concluding that if ever if a man went out on a platform he he was going to make anything of could not breathe. The nigger started himself he must break from his old to bring a lunch from the hotel car Manuel Blasos, commonly called associates and habits, he suddenly into the car I was in, and while he "Old Biasos," is a ew Mexican gam- took the train westward and landed crossed the platform the coffee froze as bler, with a portable hell on wheels. in Omaha. From there he drifted to stiff as ice cream, and a man eat it This is a car, something like those Texas, and for two or three years with a spoon. The nigger was afraid used by travelling photographers, but drove cattle from that state to Colora- to go back into his car, and waited till is as bright and gay as a circus band do. On one of these trips the drivers the train stopped at a coal place. The wagon and is drawn by six handsome were all killed by hostile Indians ex- conductor told me the thin was going horses. The interior contains a faro cept himself, he escaping by the swift- faster than a bullet. He said the attable, a roulette wheel and other fix- ness of his horse. When he got a gineer often shot his revolver up the tures for gaming. Manuel has several little money together he purchasd a track ahead, and the engine would assistants and goes from place to place few head of cattle, and from that overtake the bullet and flatten it against the smoke stack. Did you ever see a passenger train jump right over a freight train, when both were in motion?' asked the doughnut man as he filled his empty of fee cup up

"O, what you giving us," said the engineer, as he loosened the leather belt around his greasy overalls, and looked at the man with disgust.

"Well, you don't have to believe it if you don't want to, but I pledge you my word our train jumped right over a long freight ahead of us. We come up to it on a straight track, and our engineer signalled to the freight engineer to slow up a little, and the conductor told us to keep our seats. We had seen the freight train ahead on a curve and wondered why our train did not stop. When the conductor told us to keep our seats, I asked him what was the matter, and he said we were go- A ing to jump a freight, and if we moved around we would jar the cars so they wouldn't be so liable to bit the track ahead, when we come down. Just then I could feel the train go into the air, and hear the wheels turn with no rack under them, and in less than ten seconds we began to descend, and I could hear the wheels on the track again, and I looked back and the "I was playing in a minstrel troupe | freight engineer was waving his hat at one season and traveling through us. Why, there was no more jar than Texas. One night, I think it was in there is in this room now. Or course Palestine, we missed connection and they wouldn't attempt to jump a freight were compelled to lay over. Frayne train on a curve or in a tunnel," and was then playing in 'Si Stocum,' with the man scratched a match on his pants,

VERNON, Jan. 25 .- At the residence of one of our highly respectable purpose of catching an intruding cat which was in the habit of visiting that She made an effort to extricate them,

Boys and Girls. Why do more boys die than girls? world there are 104 boys, and it used came promptly. borne by the bread-winners of the house' world But the odd thing to which Dr. Biddle calls attention in a medical to the side?" contemporary is that the extra four per cent, of boys is wiped out by death before they attain the age of 5 years. moments, then-Why is thi-? Dr. Biddle makes two suggestions - first, that the greater they are not as good as these." "waste" of boys may be due to their Haif a dozen railroad men were higher organism; and, secondly, that for no answer. The treasurer had cortracks in a half of a pie, and between stand them" would seem to refer to per- men in the rank behind were getting

"Buchupaiba."

Quick, complete cure, 2! ancoying Kid

Paper Published for the People Now on Earth. WEEKLY, Per Annum \$1.00 10.00

BAZOO!

SUNDAY, 2.50

Address, J. WEST GOODWIN.

How Many Women Do This?

DAILY,

I happened to be in the box office there?" of the Opera House one day last week | "That is a letter designating the during the advance sale of Modjeska row. It is more prominent on the diaseats. One of the treasurers stood at gram than in the house." the window, inside, while outside a | That was a bit of information and Three Women Caught by One file ofcitizers awaited with more or less had to be digested, so the lady fell inpatience their individual turn at the to a brown study, while her hand wanbox-sheet. There were, of course, dered aimlessly over the box sheetmany unnecessary questions asked and the file shifted feet and shuffled to politely answered. The treasurer was keep warm. A negro messenger apsure, was not the best in the world, families, a trap that had been set on a busy giving information as to prices, peared behind the lady-he said be remote shelf some time ago, for the repertoire, casts, etc., and always as had been sent by his employer to get pleasantly as if the same knowledge two good seats. The treasurer took could not obtained from any of the dat- his money and passed the tickets over locality, had been entirely forgotten. ly papers, and I was beginning to the lady's head. The negro's employ-The mistress of the house, wishing wooder at his equanimity, when a lady er had two better seats than the lady something whi h was supposed to be stepped into the vestibule and added could select it she tried all day. on that shelf, reached up, and imme- what appeared to me as the crowning | Well, I think it too bad all the best diately the trap closed upon her fingers | torture of his official life. A gentle- seats gone and she plays 'As You man in the rank outside kindly gave Like It' only once." bur to no avail and the pain was so her his place at the window, and she "No, ma'am twice; the Wednesintense that she was obliged to scream took possession, with her muff and bag day matinee and Tuesday." for help. A younger member of the deposited, with an air that meant she "Oh! well you said it was only

audience seemed to take in the situa- perate attempt to extricate the fingers for Monday or, let me see, she plays two for the matinee?" tion. Suddenly one of the auditors, of the other two, when her own band 'As You Like It,' then, doesn't she?" "No, ma'am, they are sold. a big, burly cowboy, with a sombrero accidently slid into the trap, and a'l "No, ma'am, 'As You Like It' is Here the lady grew impatient, and

> then, what is the best seats you have muff and bag and departed, saving, for Tuesday?"

For every 100 girls born into the and concisely put, and the answer one place.

to be imagined that the extra four boys | "I can give you two seats there"were supplied in order to meet the pointing to a diagram-"and I think wear and tear of life which must be they are two of the best seats in the

> "Do you think they are far enough "I do ; quite."

"Oh, I don't know. I'm afraid.

This was a statement. It called various ailments by them. The Pest writes : "What Mr. Booth swallows he was entertaining the boys sons of their own sex, so that Dr. Bid- impatient, and one rebellious party Tickets can be secured at the Garrison

"Here are two seats. Are they

"Yes, ma'am ; very fair." "Isn't there an aisle in the way

"Yes, ma'am, there is an alise there; it particularly in the way. You can see over it right well when it is not occupied."

aisle, I meant a post."

"No ma'am ; no post." "Well, what does that A mean

Tuesday. Pease let me see Wednes-"What is the best you can give me day's plat. Thanks ! Can I get those

the head that said plainty, "I have "Oh, thank you! Well, Tuesday, been imposed upon, she gathered her "I will send my husband.' The treas-This was a fair question, legally urer breathed, and the file moved up

Scipio, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

I am the pastor of the Baptist church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Al-The lady studied the diagram some bany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cared of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their

REV. E. R. WARREN.

To be Raffled.

On Saturday, the 10th inst., the celebrated trotting horse, "Fred Miller," who has a record of 2:40, together with an excellent Brewster buggy and a fine set of harness. will be raffled by a well known citizen. House or Boutell's, on payment of \$5. 2 4 duf.

Perfect Sight.

As thousands can testify, there is nothing so much to be desired as perfect sight, and perfect sight can only be obtained by using perfect spectacles. C. G. Taylor, our home optician, exercises greatskill and patience in fitting those needing spectacles, with care and comfort to the wearer. [12-11dtf]

-Mark Twain scrap rooks, "Oh, excuse me; I didn't mean an all sizes, at J. West Goodwin's. 209 Ohio street.